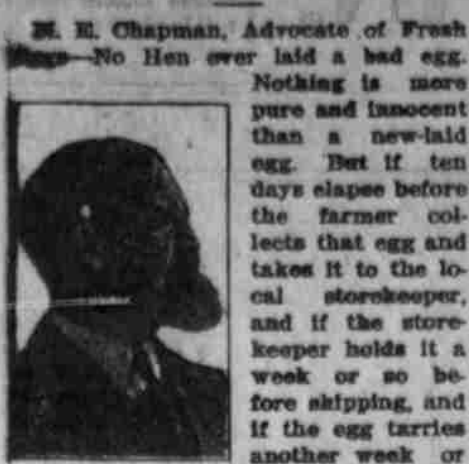


## E. E. CHAPMAN, AN ADVOCATE OF FRESH EGGS



Mr. E. Chapman, Advocate of Fresh Eggs—No Hen ever laid a bad egg. Nothing is more pure and innocent than a new-laid egg. But if ten days elapse before the farmer collects that egg and takes it to the local storekeeper, and if the storekeeper holds it a week or so before shipping, and if the egg carries another week or more on hot railway platforms and over in leisurely transit before it reaches the city commission man who sells it to the corner grocer, is it really the grocer's fault if that egg doesn't appeal to the Ultimate Consumer as being quite as "Strictly Fresh Laid" as the pleased proprietor proclaimed it to be? The annual egg production of the United States is estimated to be worth four hundred million dollars, and of that total two eggs in every dozen, worth over sixty-six million dollars in all, go into the garbage can as unspeakable. Is it any wonder that the United States government is co-operating with the farmers to save those two expensive eggs? The most elaborate campaign for the conservation of the egg is that conducted in the state of Minnesota by Mr. N. E. Chapman of the extension staff of the agricultural college of the State University. His mission is to encourage the egg to get to market while it is fresh. He preaches the doctrine of fresh eggs to railroads, dealers, teachers, farmers, and country children. He traces each bad egg to the source of its badness, and delivers an earnest lecture to the responsible party. Mr. Chapman glorifies the hen. He tells her story on an average of four times a day the year round. His best audiences are the children to whom the rosy gentleman in gold-bowed spectacles is known as "Uncle Norton." Last fall he ran a poultry class three days and nights in a country school—Woman's Home Companion.

## KING CHRISTIAN TURNS BICYCLE REPAIRER

If Christian X. should lose his crown as King of Denmark, he could make a good living with a bicycle repair shop, and he has the promise of at least one customer.



While driving with his sons recently, the king ran down a cyclist with his carriage. Although the accident was due entirely to the carelessness of the bicycle rider, the king stopped the carriage and went to the assistance of the young man, whose machine was smashed. His majesty, who is very fond of cycling and who repairs his own machine, saw that he could put the broken bicycle in running order again. The young man seemed helpless, and stood looking on, with his hands in his pockets while the king worked for ten minutes repairing the damaged machine.

When the king had finished the work the rider asked him for his card, promising to patronize him whenever his machine needed repairs. As the rider stood with wide open mouth looking at the king's name engraved on the card, the royal party drove away.

**Long Ears a Bad Sign.**  
Twelve hundred teachers attending the session of the Cincinnati Teachers' Institute sat as if glued to their seats while they listened to a lecture by Dr. Arthur Holmes, psychologist at the University of Pennsylvania and expert in mental diseases, who declared that long, flaring ears were one of the indications of mental deficiency and that a great many teachers were mentally defective, the Cincinnati correspondent of the New York Times writes.

Dr. Holmes said that many men and women whom the world holds normal were really deficient. Persons with aquiline noses were rarely deficient, he asserted. Persons with long, slender hands of a smooth texture were most apt to lack energy and to be deficient mentally, he added.

"Society men and women, as they climb higher and higher in the social scale, get nearer and nearer to the plane of the idiot," said Dr. Holmes. "Take away their money and some of them could not even dress themselves."

**Thoughtful Wife.**  
Weary of life, a farmer went out to his barn and hanged himself. A little later his wife, entering the barn to feed some animals, saw her husband swinging from the rafters. Arguing that if, as it was natural to think, her husband intended to commit suicide, he would be exasperated by the frustration of his intention, she left the body as it was and went on with the work of the farm.

Several hours later in the evening, when her daughter came back from the fields, the woman told her what had happened. Mother and daughter deliberated for some time as to what ought to be done, and finally decided to inform the mayor. When that official came in haste and cut down the body life had been extinct for several hours.—London Telegraph

## COULD NO LONGER FIND FOOD

Birds That Nested on Strasbourg Cathedral Forced From Haunts to Which They Were Accustomed.

At a meeting of the Linnæan society of London, Professor Poulton presiding, a letter was read from Herr Paul Scherdlin, as follows: "For hundreds of years pigeons have nested on the spire of Strasbourg cathedral. They increased so much that many attempts have been made to exterminate them, but in vain. During the last few years there has been a sudden and startling diminution in the number of these cathedral pigeons. I am of opinion that this manifest reduction is due to the asphaltting of the streets round the cathedral. Between the stone sets of the pavement the pigeons were able to pick up food in quantity. In consequence of the asphaltting and daily watering and cleansing of the places in the immediate neighborhood the birds have gone."—London Chronicle.

## WOMEN KEPT IN SUBJECTION

Savages Refuse to Accord Wives Any Rights of Which They Can Be Deprived.

Some of the savages in South America exclude women folk from every sort of public amusement, such as dancing, feasting, celebrating and other outside carrying-on. At such times the women are kept busy serving the savages with roasted monkeys, stewed turtles and crude intoxicating drinks, which the women make by primitive processes of fermentation. If they can afford it, the savages have several wives each, some of the men carrying on the custom of stealing young girls from neighboring tribes. The savage explains his having several wives this way: "This one does only garden work, and does it so well I keep her at it." Of another, he will say that she is fine at making intoxicating beverages, and so on.—New York Press.

## WANTED HER.

Fifteen minutes late, because of a large, fat woman who stood upon the first cabin gangplank and would not let it be hauled ashore until her husband had been hustled aboard, a steamer sailed from New York for Bremen, the other day. The large woman arrived on the gang-plank just as it was being hauled in and announced that her husband had deserted her and that the ship should not sail until he was found. A search of the pier disclosed a meek individual hurrying toward the vessel with what speed he might under half a dozen bags and packages. He was finally hauled aboard and the express steamer allowed to proceed.

## HIS CHANCE.

"I wish I could do something that would be absolutely new—something that no man had ever done before," said the sad-faced millionaire.

"I can tell you how to do it," replied the philosopher.

"How. Tell me, man, and I will make it worth your while."

"Look back over your career, find out just how much of your success was due to your own genius and how much of it resulted from sheer luck and make a public acknowledgment of it."

## GOOD EVIDENCE.

Patience—My! How my ears burn! Somebody must be talking about me.

Patrice—Sure thing. Don't you remember the sewing society is in session this afternoon?

## THE OLD FASHION.

"In the olden times they had a good way of disposing of grouches."

"What was that?"

"They hung up knockers."

## POSSIBLE REASON.

"Why do you suppose he has such a vacant expression?"

"Well, he thinks of himself a good deal."

## OUT OF FASHION.

He—Don't you think Mrs. Mellon had a biased look?

She—Oh, mercy, no! Nothing is cut on the bias now.

## A SHOCK.

Manager—We've got a fat part for you in our new play.

Actress—Don't tell me that! I'm reducing now.

## Woman Past Help

Chandler, Okla.—In a letter from this place, Mrs. Ella Flowers says: "I hardly know how to thank you for the good that Cardui has done me. Before I tried Cardui, I thought I was past help, but after taking it I was relieved at once, and gained at least 10 pounds. Everybody says I look so much better. I am still improving greatly." Many women are completely worn out and discouraged, on account of womanly weakness. Are you? Have you not tried Cardui? It only needs a few doses to convince you that Cardui is just what you need. Try it today. It will cure your pains.

Advertisement.

## Preferred Locals.

(Advertisements.)

We are prepared to do all kinds of high-grade job printing. Try us.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting building and general repair work of all kinds. Phone 476.

If you have a house or building of any kind that you want moved see R. C. Lawson or call Cumberland phone 635.

## 5 Per Cent Money To Loan.

On Good South Christian Land 5 years time.

J. B. Allensworth, Atty.,  
Office Phone 267-2 Res 742.

## For Sale.

Dwelling and store room attached, on Durrett's avenue, for sale on trade on terms to suit the purchaser.  
B. D. MOORE.  
R. 3, Hopkinsville, Ky.

## TAXES

Both state and county, are due. Pay now and avoid the heavy penalties which will be added after November 30.  
LOW JOHNSON, Sheriff.

## ENJOYED HIS POOR HEALTH

Sage Makes a Few Remarks to Man Who Might Be Called "Professional Invalid."

"I am not enjoying good health—" rugubiously said the hypochondriacal neighbor, in reply to the perfunctory inquiry of the Sarcastic Sage of Skeedee. "You see, my stomach—"

"Just so!" interjected the veteran, grimly. "And you wouldn't enjoy good health if you had it. The only kind of health, Akinside, that you really enjoy is the kind with complicated and repulsive symptoms that you can relate, recite and reiterate with chastened glee to whoever will listen to you. You enjoy poor health 'b'cuz it gives you something to brag about. You and your kind of chronic complainers believe that it makes you distinguished, or unique, or something to go wailing through life, boasting about how much more miserable you are than anybody else, and—"

"Ar-r-r-r-r! If you don't want to hear—"

"Of course I don't! Who'n'll ever wanted to hear a dyspeptic tell his symptoms? I merely asked you out of politeness and not 'b'cuz I had the slightest desire to know. G'day!"—Kansas City Star.

## VERY LIKELY



We sigh for things that mother cooked, And yet there is no doubt— They must have been the very ones That father kicked about.

Sweets to the Sweet.  
A truthful maiden with a sweet tooth says two's a crowd when you have a good novel and a box of chocolates.

## ALWAYS WORTH THE LIVING

Despondency Only of the Moment, and Life is Bound to Resume Its Cheerfulness.

Of course we have all heard the query, "Is life worth living?" Perhaps we've asked it of ourselves many times, in moments of discouragement, when all things seemed to be working for the darker side, and the sunlight of hope was for the time being obscured by heavy clouds.

Many are the answers—in fact, all humanity from the very beginning has been responding to the great challenge—and we are today the living exponents of the problem.

If my life, your life and the life of our neighbor has been "lived" and holds the power to keep on doing so, then yes, a thousand times, our lives are worth living!

But if, for some or many reasons, these lives have been spent in days of idleness, or worse, the answer is to be found on the face of the undeniable failures which are the outcome of such waste.

People who are in earnest about whatever they are engaged in doing seldom have time to stop and ask such questions; they are too busy making their own and the lives of those with whom they are associated really worth while to withdraw from life's great army of workers thinkers and "divers"—merely to stand by the roadside and say, "Is it all worth while?"

Some people remind us of "insulated" bodies; they are wholly unresponsive, cut off—as it were—from the influence of anything good, true and beautiful, seemingly surrounded by their own narrowness of mind and smallness of soul.

And they are the ones who ask, "Is life worth living?"—Exchange.

## RATTLING ALL RIGHT!



Speediegh—I've just bought an automobile for \$225. It's a rattling car.

Neediegh—Oh! I've heart it.

## NOT MANY RATS FOUND.

The offer of the government of Jamaica of 1d for each dead rat delivered at the pumping station in Kingston, is not producing much fruit. In three weeks only 80 rats were delivered at the station, viz: for the week ending 20th July, 15; week ending July 27th, 30; week ending August 3d, 35. About a score more dead rodents were also sent to the pumping station, but afterwards transferred to the government bacteriologist.

## NOTHING TO IT.

"Duke, do you really love me?"

"I have loved you ever since I saw your father's commercial rating. But there is an obstacle to our marriage. I hear now that he made his money in trade."

"That is not true. He kept a store in a mining camp, but his money was made on the slot machines."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## ITS NATURE.

"I am told the prisoner was in a perfect fever when he discovered the detectives were on his track."

"I suppose he had spotted fever."

## THE REASON.

"Why won't Flite discuss his coming aviation trip with you?"

"Don't know, unless it's because it is a soar subject."

## THE DISCOVERY.

"Why do the English put the suffragettes in jail?"

"Because that is the only way they find they can shut them up."

## THE REAL TEST.

"A man cannot always tell who is his real friend."

"Yes, he can. They're the ones who lend him money."

## HOW NEEDLES ARE FASHIONED

Operation of Producing Useful Household Implement by No Means a Simple One.

The first step in the manufacture of needles is the cutting of the steel wire, by shears, from coils into the length of the needles to be made. When such bits as have been cut out have been given a bath, they are then placed in a furnace, after which they are rolled until perfectly straight.

Then a needle-pointer takes up a dozen or so of the wires and rolls them between his thumb and finger, their ends being applied to a turning grindstone, first one and then the other being ground. Next the little steel bobbins are fed into a machine that flattens and gutters the heads, after which operation the eyes are punched.

Complete needles are now at hand, but they are rough and easily bent. Careful tempering gives them the necessary hardness, and they need nothing more but a final polish. The needles are spread, to the number of forty or fifty thousand, on a coarse cloth. Emery dust is strewn over them, oil is sprinkled on, and soft soap daubed over the cloth, which, rolled tightly, is thrown into a pot with others where it rolls about for twelve hours or more. When taken from this friction bath the needles are given a rinsing in clean, hot water, and then are ready for the sorters and packers.

## HE WAS ON



The Bunco Steerer—Mr. Green, I came out to sell you a gold brick.

Farmer Green—How'll you quote 'em by ther dozen? I need a few more to repair my well, b'gosh.

## SURPRISED HIM.

Cynicus—It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret.

Henpecke—I don't know about that. My wife and I were engaged several weeks before she said anything to me about it.—London Opinion.

## EXPLAINED.

"No, darling, I have never proposed to any other woman than you."

"O, but you once told me you had been engaged to a widow."

"True; but that was in a leap year."

## HADN'T PROPOSED.

"No, darling, I have never proposed to any other woman than you."

"Oh, but you once told me you had been engaged to a widow."

"True; but that was in a leap year."

## SHORT ON WEIGHT.

Church—He says he weighs 180, and I know he weighs close on to 210. I didn't think he'd lie about his weight.

Gotham—Well, I did, because I've bought coal of him.

## HIS PECULIARITY.

"That fellow gets on my nerves, I can't tell why."

"He's from the Nutmeg State; maybe that's why he grates on you."

## WANTS FINE TRAPPINGS.

"Do you think Police would travel all right in double harness?"

"That would depend on the cost of the harness."

## HE WAXES WARM.

"Do chickens eat much?"

"Eat much?" exclaimed the farmer. "By heck, they've got appetites like summer boarders."

## GAY LIFE.

"Do you know how pickled peaches are made?"

"Yes. Usually by filling them up with champagne."

## FARM LOANS

### Low Rate of Interest

We are in position to make loans on improved farm lands in Christian county, in any sum, \$3,000 or over, on short notice. Your note will read to be repaid at the end of ten years, with the privilege of paying \$100 or more at the end of the first year and on any interest period thereafter.

M. M. GRAVES & SON,  
TRENTON, KY.

C. O. WRIGHT J. C. JOHNSON

## Wright & Johnson

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS.

Special Attention Given Farm Properties.



## Practical Perfection

The purification of whisky after distilling is just as important as the selection of the grain used, the distilling method and the honest aging. That's why

**CASCADE**  
PURE WHISKY  
does not fall short of goodness in a single particular.  
GEO. A. DICKEL & CO.  
Distillers  
Nashville, Tenn.  
GEO. A. DICKEL & CO.,  
Hopkinsville, Ky.

**HEAL IT WITH  
Bucklen's  
THE ONLY GENUINE  
Arnica Salve**  
KEEPS FLESH IN TONE  
FROM SKIN TO BONE.  
Heals Everything Healable. Burns, Boils, Sores, Ulcers, Piles, Eczema, Cuts, Corns, Wounds and Bruises. SATISFIES, OR MONEY BACK. 25c at ALL DRUGGISTS.

OVER 65 YEARS  
EXPERIENCE  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS  
COPYRIGHTS &C.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communicate strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the  
**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
MUNN & CO 361 Broadway, New York.  
Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.

## Constipation

"For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies I used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful

**DR. KING'S  
New Life Pills**  
Adolph Schreck, Buffalo, N. Y.  
25 CENTS PER BOX, 10c at ALL DRUGGISTS.